



[private] High tide, at a full moon.



Chaz

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MOOD: 😞 miserable

This is why I can't talk to anyone. Because nobody would understand how I feel about this, and they'd be horrified if they knew.

It's one thing to know you're... evil. And quite another to try to find ways to tell the people who believe in you and rely on you.

I built a good life, dammit. I was winning. I had *fixed things*. I salvaged it and grew it and I worked hard to get it and he broke it all. And even killing him wasn't enough to get it back.

I have no idea why I keep getting out of bed in the morning, except something in my head insists I do it. And we all know what that something is, if we're honest, don't we?

Thank God for conservation of energy. I know it's not really my contrivance. You can't herd a hurricane the way you can herd a fire. The fact that I *want* revenge on the entire state of Texas doesn't mean I'm going to get it.

I can hear him in my head. I know exactly what he'd say. *It's our storm, baby boy. It's God's storm. Isn't it beautiful?*

...I think I missed my window.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet

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